CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

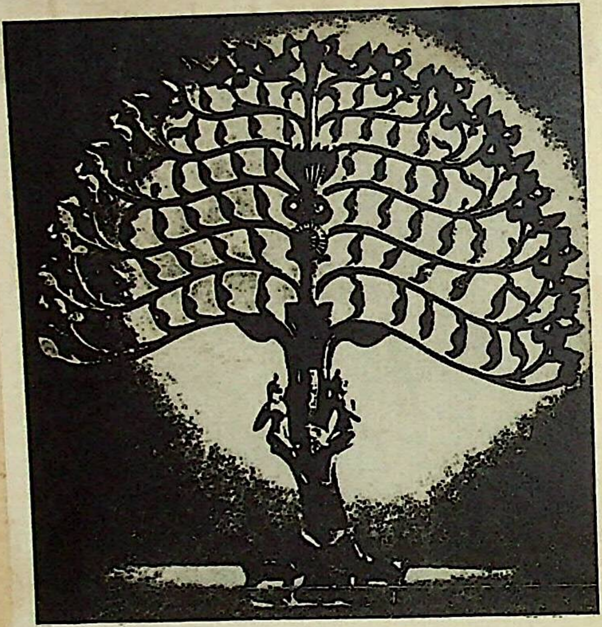
U-1

SRI AUROBINDO

SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri



॥भद्रा ह्येषां निहिताधिवाचि॥

सच्चिदानन्द वात्स्यायन कपिला वात्स्यायन

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitization by eGangotri

उर्मिला जी शर्मा [illegible] जी को

सप्रेम

[illegible]

१८. ४. ५६

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

SRI AUROBINDO

SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM
PONDICHERRY
1956

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

Publishers :
SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM
PONDICHERRY

May, 1956

Sri Aurobindo Ashram Press,
Pondicherry

388/5/56/1500

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

Vidyapati (or, Bidyapati, Bengali style) wrote in Maithili, a dialect of Hindi, prevalent in North Bihar, very closely akin to Bengali. His songs relating to the divine love of Krishna and Radha became very popular, and through Sri Chaitanya, who adored them, they gained a high status and wide circulation, especially in Bengal. Indeed, the Bengalis adopted Vidyapati as their own poet and have since considered him as one of the twin creators of Bengali poetry. His langage developed into a special style for the expression of that particular kind of attitude and emotion which Vaishnavism represents. Even Tagore continued the tradition and has a good number of poems to his credit in this style.

The translations included in this volume were made from a very old Bengali version which is given here in Devanagri script. This is an early work of Sri Aurobindo, done most probably soon after his return from England.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

Why fell her face upon my sight,
That is a lovelier moon in light,
Since but for one poor moment she
With her sweet eyes emparadised me.
Surely it was to slay my soul
That under her long lashes stole
The cruel grace of that transient look.
Desire laid hands upon her breasts
And there my poor heart clinging rests:
Love new-born its office took.
My ears yet wait upon her words;
Her murmurs dwell like caged birds.
I strive to part; my feet refuse.
The net of sweet desires is loose,
Yet thence my body will not move,
Faint with the sudden hands of Love.

Sri Aurobindo

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

Songs of Vidyapati

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

पदावली

१

शैशव यौवन दुहूं मिलि गेल।
श्रवणक पथ दुहुं लोचन नेल॥१॥
वचनक चातुरि लहु लहु हास।
धरणीये चांद करत परकाश॥२॥
मुकुर लेइ अब करत सिंगार।
सखिरे पुछइ कैस सुरत विहार॥३॥
निरजने उरज हेरत कत बेरि।
हासत आपन पयोधर हेरि॥४॥
पहिल बदरि सम पुन नवरंग।
दिने दिने अनंग आगोरये अंग॥५॥
माधव पेखलुं अपरूप बाला।
शैशव यौवन दुहुं एक भेला॥६॥
विद्यापति कह तुहुं अगेयानि।
दुहुं एकयोग इहके कहे सेयानि॥७॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

I

CHILDHOOD and youth each other are nearing;
Her two eyes their office yield to the hearing.
Her speech has learned sweet maiden craft
And low not as of old she laughed,
Her laughter murmurs. A moon on earth
Is dawning into perfect birth.
Mirror in hand she apparels her now
And asks of her sweet girl-comrades to show
What love is and what love does
And all shamed delight that sweet love owes.
And often she sits by herself and sees
Smiling with bliss her breasts' increase,
Her own milk-breasts that, plums at first,
Now into golden oranges burst.
Day by day Love's vernal dreams
Expand her lovely blossoming limbs.
Madhav, I saw a marvellous flower
Of girls; childhood and youth one power,
One presence grown in one body fair.
Foolish maiden, not thus declare
The oneness of these contraries.
Rather the two were yoked, say the wise.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

२

दिने दिने पयोधर भै गेल पीन।
बाढ़ल नितंब माझ माझ भेल क्षीण ॥१॥
अबहि मदन बाढ़ायल दीठ।
शैशव सकलि चमकि दिल पीठ ॥२॥
पहिल बदरी कुच पुन नवरंग।
दिने दिने बाढ़ये पीड़ये अनंग ॥३॥
सो पुन भै गेल बीजक पोर।
अब कुच वाढ़ल श्रीफल जोर ॥४॥
माधव पेखनु रमणी संधान।
झाटहि भेटनु करत सिनान ॥५॥
तनु शुक वसन तनु हिय लागि।
जो पुरुख देखत ताकर भागि ॥६॥
उरहि विलोलित चांचर केश।
चामरे झांपल जनु क्रणक-महेश ॥७॥
भणये विद्यापति शुनह मुरारि।
सुपुरुख विलासइ सो वरनारि ॥८॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

II

DAY by day her milk-breasts drew splendour.
Wider her hips grew, her middle more slender.
Love has enlarged her childlike gaze.
Yea, all grace of childhood and childhood's ways
Fall from their thrones and take sweet flight.
Her breasts before were plums of light,
Golden oranges next and then
As bodiless Love made bloom with pain
Of increase her body day by day,
Pomegranate seed-cities were they.
Their fair maturities now begin,
Now are they fruits-of-opulence twin.
Madhav, I sought thy lovely lady,
Bathing I found her in woodland shady.
Coiled on her heart but not to drape
Her thin dress clung to her lovely shape.
Blest were his eyes who had seen her thus
And his whole life made felicitous.
Over her bosom her great hair floods
With curls divine two golden gods.
True love must his be, O youth, who would play,
Her darling and joy, with this beautiful may.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

३

खेने खेने नयन कोण अनुसरइ।
खेने खेने वसनधूलि तनु भरइ॥१॥
खेने खेने दशन छटाछटि हास।
खेने खेने अधर आगे करु वास॥२॥
चौंकि चलये खेने खेने चलु मंद।
मनमथ-पाठ पहिल अनुबंध॥३॥
हृदयज मुकुलित हेरि हेरि थोर।
खेने आंचर देइ खेने हये तोर॥४॥
वाला शैशवे तारुण भेट।
लखइ ना पारिये जेठ कनेठ॥५॥
विद्यापति कहे शुन वरकान।
तरुणिम शैशव चिह्नइ ना जान॥६॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

III

NOW and again a sidelong look
Along her lashes its shy curve took.
Now and again her thin white dress
O'erlies like dust all her loveliness.
Now she laughs divine and clear
And her pearly teeth like stars appear,
And now to hide in her robe make shift.
For a little her startled feet run swift
But soon that bounding gait subsides
And she in maiden gravity glides.
Love's scholar she and newly set
To his first lesson and alphabet.
Where her bosom's buds are hardly seen
Now she draws fast her robe to screen,
Now careless leaves. In her limbs divine
Child and woman meet and twine.
Nor mark I yet whether older she
Of girlhood or younger of infancy.
Beautiful Krishna, youth in her
Its childhood begins, these signs declare.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

४

शैशव यौवन दरशन भेल।
दुहुं दल बले धनि दन्द पड़ि गेल ॥१॥
कबहुं बांधये कच कबहुं बियारि।
कबहुं झांपये अंग कबहुं उघारि ॥२॥
थिर नयान अथिर कछु भेल।
उरज-उदय-थल लालिम देल ॥३॥
चंचल चरण चित चंचल भान।
जागल मनसिज मुदित नयान ॥४॥
विद्यापति कहे शुन बरकान।
धैरज धरह मिलायब आन ॥५॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

IV

CHILDHOOD and youth, maiden, are met
And strife twixt their armèd powers is set.
Now her ordered locks she dresses,
Now scattering *loosens a storm* of tresses.[1]
Sometimes she covers her body fair,
Sometimes the golden limbs are bare
In childhood's naked innocence.
And childhood's steadfast eyes with a sense
Of girlhood a little waver now
And her bosom is stained where the flowers grow.
Her light uncertain feet now tell
The uncertain heart and variable.
Love is awake but his eyes are shut.
O Krishna, flower of lovers, put
In thy heart patience, for surely she
Shall be brought at last and given to thee.

[1] falls a cascade.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

५

खेलत ना खेलत लोक देखि लाज।
हेरत ना हेरत सहचरी माझ॥१॥
शुन शुन माधव तोहारि दोहाइ।
बड़ अपरूप आज पेखलुं राइ॥२॥
मुखरुचि मनोहर अधर सुरंग।
फुटल बान्धुलि कमलक संग॥३॥
लोचन जनु थिर भृंग आकार।
मधु मातल किये उड़इ न पार॥४॥
भांगुक भंगिम थोरि जनु।
काजरे साजल मदन धनु॥५॥
भनये विद्यापति दोतिक बचने।
विकशल अंग ना जावत धरने॥६॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

V

PLAYING she plays not, so newly shy,
She may not brook the passing eye.
Looking she looks not lest surmise
Laugh from her own girl-comrades' eyes.
Hearken, O hearken, Madhav, to me.
Just is the case I bring to thee.
Radha today these eyes beheld;
A maid she is unparalleled.
O her face and its lovely lights!
O looks that ravish, O charm that invites!
Flower of ruby with lotus grows
In her vermeil lips that exceed the rose;
And with honey have snared her large twin eyes
Two shapes of bees that may not rise;
And her brow's arch is as tho' left slack
Love's own bow in hue were black.
Saith the envoy girl whose words I teach
"The bloom of her limbs surpasseth speech."

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

६

खनभरि ना रहे गुरुजन माझे।
बेकत अंग ना झांपये लाजे ॥१॥
वाला जन संगे जब रहइ।
तरुणि पाइ परिहास तहि करइ ॥२॥
माधव तुया लागि भेटलु रमणि।
को कहे वाला को कहे तरुणि ॥३॥
केलि रभस जब शूने।
आनत हेरि ततहि देइ काने ॥४॥
इथे यदि कोई कर परिचारि।
कांदन माखि हसि देइ गारि ॥५॥
सुकवि विद्यापति भणे।
वालाचरित रसिकजन जाने ॥६॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

VI

IN elder's eyes' she brooks not stay,
Half-clad no more her body but alway
She covers her *beauty*[1] most maidenly.
Yet with young girls when *stayeth*[2] she
Knowing her ripened child and budding may
They plague her with sweet mockery.
Madhav, for thee I wooed the sight
Of this fair flower; whom some delight
Child to call, but most agree
That woman's morning bloom has she.
When of Love's rites she hears and lovers' play
She turns her downcast eyes another way.
O but her ears drink greedily.
Should with more words one tease her shame,
With tears and angry smiles she utters blame.
Who is wise in love alone knoweth
The way of a girl, the poet sayeth.

[1] limbs [2] bideth

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

७

किछु किछु उतपति अंकुर भेल।
चरण-चपल-गति लोचन नेल ॥१॥
अब सब खण रहुं आंचरे हात।
लाजे सखीगणे ना पुछये बात ॥२॥
की कहब माधव बयस कि संधि।
हेरइते मनसिज मन रहु बंदि ॥३॥
तइ ओ काम हृदये अनुपाम।
रोयल घट उचल करि ठाम ॥४॥
शुनिते रसेर कथा थापये चित।
जइसे कुरंगिणि शुनइ संगीत ॥५॥
शैशव यौवन उपजल बाद।
कोई न मानइ जय अवसाद ॥६॥
विद्यापति कौतुक बलिहारि।
शैशव सो तछु छोड़ि नाहिं पारि ॥७॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

VII

A LITTLE and a little now
See the bright bud half open blow.
Her swift and wilful feet grown wise
Yield their rudderless gait to the eyes.
Ever her hand to her bosom's dress
Clings to control its waywardness.
Afraid to utter her shy hushed thought
Her comrade-girls she questions not.
Madhav, how shall faltering word
Her sweet and twilight age record?
Love, even Love, beholding her
In his own bonds her captive were.
Nay but the lord of all desire
Her heart's precincts raising higher
Has set for passion's sacred duty
Altars of surpassing beauty.
Love's speech her listening heart doth stop
As the hunter's song the antelope.
Two powers dispute this beauteous prize.
Nought one deems gained while aught there is
To gain, nor the other failure owns
While yet he holds to his golden thrones.
Still with sweet violence she clings
To her loved childhood's parting wings.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

८

आवल यौवन शैशव गेल।
चरण चपलता लोचन नेल ॥१॥
करु दुहुं लोचन दूतक काज।
हास गोपत भेल उपजल लाज ॥२॥
अब अनुखण देइ आंचरे हात।
सगर बचन कहु नत करु माथ ॥३॥
कटिक गौरव पावल नितम्ब।
चलइते सहचरी कर अवलम्ब ॥४॥
हाम अवधारलु शुन वरकान।
शुनइ अब तुहुं करइ विधान ॥५॥
विद्यापति कवि इह रस जाने।
राजा शिवसिंह लछिमा परमाणे ॥६॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

VIII

CHILDHOOD is fled and youth in its seat;
Not light as of old her wandering feet,
Yet are Love's glorious envoys two
Seeing her eyes her errands do.
In secret dawns each lovely smile
And laughter low with maiden guile.
Her hand each moment plucks her dress
Its fluttering treasons to repress.
And all the low speech of her lips
From a modest head and drooping slips.
Her heavy hips have now replaced
The old lost pride of her rounded waist.

Thus I decide her doubtful state
Conclusion sweet of sweet debate.
Thine is this fair decision's fruit
Judgment to give and execute.
I, Bidyapati, love's lights bring
To lady Lachhima and the King.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

९

माधव कि कहब सुन्दरी रूपे।
कतेक जतने विधि आजि समारल
देखलु नयन स्वरूपे ॥१॥
पल्लव-राज चरण-युग शोभित
गति गजराजक भाने।
कणक-कदलीपर सिंह समारल
तापर मेरु समाने ॥२॥
मेरु उपर दुइ कमल फुटायल
नाल बिना रुचि पाइ।
मणिमय हार धार बहु सुरसरि
तइ नहि कमल शुखाइ ॥३॥
अधर बिम्ब सम, दशन दाड़िम बीज
रवि शशी उगथिक पाशे।
राहु दुर बस निकट न आवथि
तंइ नहि करथि गराशे ॥४॥
सारंग नयन वचन पुन सारंग
सारंग तसु समधाने।
सारंग उपर उघल दउ सारंग
केलि करहि मधुपाने ॥५॥
भणहि विद्यापति शुन वर यौवति
एहन जगत नहि आने
राजा शिवसिंह रूप नारायण
लछिमा देइ पति भाने ॥६॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

IX

AH how shall I her lovely body express?
Fair things how many Nature in her blended,
Mine own eyes saw ere my lips praise.

Her twin fair feet were lordly leaves of summer,
Her gait vied with the forest's best.
Upon two golden trees a lion slender,
Thereover the hills of heaven were placed.

And on the hills two lotuses were budding
That stemless kept their gracious hours.
In shape of pearl-drops strung heaven's stream descended,
Therefore not withered those sweet flowers.

Her teeth pomegranate-seeds on lips of ruby,
The sun and moon on either side,
Her hair eclipse, but coming never nearer
Hid not at all their golden pride.

The cuckoo's speech, the antelope's eyes has Radha,
And Love has in her glances thrones—
Upon two lotuses two bees that hover
And sip their honey: these she owns

The spring's five children. O delicious maiden,
Not the wide worlds her second know,
To Shiva Singha Roupnaraian my music
And lady Lachhima doth show.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

१०

सुधामुखि के विहि निरमिल वाला।
अपरूप रूप मनोभव-मंगल
त्रिभुवन विजयी माला ॥१॥
सुन्दर वदन चारु अरु लोचन
काजरे रंजित भेला ॥२॥
कनक-कमल माझे काल भुजंगिनि
श्रीयुत खंजन खेला ॥३॥
नाभि-विवर संगे लोम-लतावलि
भुजगि निश्वास पियासा।
नासा खगपति- चंचु भरम-भये
कुच गिरि सांधि निवासा ॥४॥
तिन वाणे मदन जितल तिन भुवने
अवधि रहल दउ वाणे।
विहि बड़ दारुण वधिते रसिक जन
सोंपल तोहारि नयाने ॥५॥
भणइ विद्यापति शुन वर यौवति
इह रस कोपये जाने।
राजा शिवसिंह रूप नारायण
लछिमा देवि परमाणे ॥६॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

X

AH, who has built this girl of nectarous face?
Ah, who this matchless, beauteous dove?
An omen and a bounteous boon of Love,
A garland of triumphant grace!

O glorious countenance and O shaded deep
Delicious eyes for purple extolled,
You dark-winged flutterers in that lily of gold
The splendour of the snake who keep!

Thy tendrilled down's a snake, to drink cool winds
That from thy harbouring navel stirred,
But by the fancied bill of emperor bird
Cowed to thy breast's hill-cavern winds.

The strong five-missiled Love with arrows three
The three worlds conquered; two remained
Which to thine eyes some cruel Fate did lend
To slay poor lovers' hearts with thee.

A well of love is he who knoweth, O girl,
Her beauty I the poet sing
To Shiva Singha Rupnaraian the King
And Lachhima, his bosom's pearl.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

११

कि कहव रे सखि कानुक रूप
को पतियायब स्वपन स्वरूप ॥१॥
अभिनव जलधर सुन्दर देह
पीत-वसन-परा सौदामिनी सेह ॥२॥
श्राम शामर कुटलहि केश
किये शशिमंडल शिखंड संवेश ॥३॥
जातकी केतकी कुसुम सुवासे
फुलशर मनोमत तेजल तरासे ॥४॥
विद्यापति कह कि बोलब आर
शून्य करल विहि मदन-भांडार ॥५॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XI

HOW shall I tell of Caanou's beauty bright?
Men will believe it a vision of the night.

As lightning was his saffron garment blown
Over the beautiful cloud-limbs half shown.

His coal-black curls assumed with regal grace
A peacock's plume above that moonlike face.

And such a fragrance fierce the mad wind wafts
Love wakes and trembles for his flowery shafts.

Yea, what shall words do, friend? Love's whole estate
Exhausted was that wonder to create.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

१२

कानु हेरब छिल मने साध।
कानु हेरइते एबे भेल परमाद ॥१॥
तदवधि अबोधि मुगध हम नारी।
कि कहि कि बलि कछु बुझइ ना पारि ॥२॥
साङन घन सम झरु दुनयान।
अविरत धकधक करये पराण ॥३॥
काहे लागि सजनि दरशन भेला।
रभसे आपन जीव पर हाते देला ॥४॥
ना जानिये कि करु मोहन चोर।
हेरइते प्राण हरि लइ गेउ मोर ॥५॥
एत सब आदर गेउ दरशाइ।
जत विसरिये तत विसर ना जाइ ॥६॥
विद्यापति कहे शुन वरनारि।
धैरज धर चिते मिलब मुरारि ॥७॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XII

CAANOU to see I had desire;
Caanou seen, my life grew fire.
Thenceforth deep down, ah, foolish I,
In a great sea of love I lie.
Hardly I know, a girl and weak,
What these words mean my heart would speak.
Only my tears for ever rain,
Only my soul burns in its pain.
O wherefore, friend, did mine eyes see,
Friend of my bosom, thoughtlessly?
When a little mirth was all I planned,
I have given my life into another's hand.

I know not what this lovely thief
Did to me in that moment brief.
Surely such craft none yet possessed!
He robbed my heart out of its nest
Only with seeing, and gone is he
Taking my poor heart far from me
And ah! his eyes did then express
Such tenderness, such tenderness,
The more I labour to forget
My very soul remembers it.
Mourn not, sweet girl, for thy heart's sake;
Who took thy heart, thyself at last shall take.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

१२

ए सखि कि पेखनु एक अपरूप
शुनइते मानवी स्वपन स्वरूप ॥१॥
कमलयुगल पर चांद कि माल।
तापर उपजल तरुण तमाल ॥२॥
तापर बेड़ल विजुरि लता।
कालिन्दी तीर धीर चलि जाता ॥३॥
शाखा शिखर सुधाकर पांति।
ताहे नव पल्लव अरुणक भाति ॥४॥
विमल विम्बफल युगल विकाश।
तापर कीर थिर करु बसबास ॥५॥
तापर चंचल खंजन जोड़।
तापर सांपिनी बेढ़ल मोड़ ॥६॥
ए सखि रंगिनी कहु निदान।
पुन हेरइते कहे हरल गेयान ॥७॥
भणय विद्यापति इह रस भाण।
सुपुरुख मरम तुहुं भाल जान ॥८॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XIII

SWEET and strange as 'twere a dream,
I have seen a vision gleam.
Lotus flowers were his feet,
Bearing moons a carcanet.
Rounded thighs and ankles smooth
Towered of the glories of youth,
And continual lightnings drape,
So I dreamed, that faultless shape.
Dark Calindie, by thy stream
Slowly went he in my dream.
And I dreamed of boughs that shone
With a row of moons thereon,
Fingers fair like young leaves born
With a rosy light of morn.
Flower-of-coral bloom his lips,
Over which Love's parrot peeps,
And his eyes like wild birds wake
And each curl's a little snake
Stung me. Twice I looked and then
With a sweet and sudden pain
Maddened. Ah, what power is this
For a look can slay with bliss?
Even so leaps, O my dove,
Into the heart made for him, Love.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

१४

कि कहब रे सखि इह दुख ओर।
बांशी निशास गरले तनु भोर ॥१॥
हठ संगे पैठये श्रवणक माझे।
तैखने विगलित तनु मन लाजे ॥२॥
विपुल पुलके परिपूरये देह।
नयने ना हेरि हेरये जनि केह ॥३॥
गुरुजन समुखइ भाव तरंग।
जतनहि बसने झांपि सब अंग ॥४॥
लहु लहु चरणे चलिये गृह माझ।
दैवे से विहि आजु राखल लाज ॥५॥
तनु मन विवश खसये नीबिबंध।
कि कहब विद्यापति रहु धन्द ॥६॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XIV

O FRIEND, my friend, has pain a farther bound
Which sounds can utter, for which words are found?

Fiercely the flute's breath through me ran and thrilled,
My body with sweet dreadful sound was filled.

By violence that brooks not of control
The cruel music enters all my soul.

Then every limb enamoured swoons with shame
And every thought is wrapped in utter flame.

Yea, all my labouring body mightily
Was filled and panted with sweet agony.

I dared not lift my eyes. My elders spoke
Around me when that wave of passion broke,

And such a langour through my being crept,
My very robe no more its office kept.

With slow feet on their careful steps intent
Panting into the inner house I went.

Even yet I tremble from the peril past,
So fierce a charm the flute upon me cast.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

१५

गेलि कामिनी गजहु गामिनि
बिहसि पालटि नेहारि।
इन्द्रजालक कुसुम सायक
कुहकि भेलि वरनारी ॥१॥
जोरि भुजयुग मोरि बेढ़ल
ततहि बयान सुछन्द।
दाम चम्पके काम पूजल
जैस शारद चंद ॥२॥
उरहि अंचल झांपइ चंचल
आध पयोधर हेरु।
पवन पराभवे शारद घन जनु
बेकत करल सुमेरु ॥३॥
पुनहि दरशने जीवन जुड़ायब
टूटब विरहक ओर।
चरणे जावक हृदय पावक
दहइ सब अंग मोर ॥४॥
भणये विद्यापति शुनह यूवति
चित थिर नहि होय।
से जे रमणी परम गुणमणि
पुन कि मिलब मोय ॥५॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XV

AS the swan sails, so moved she
Then when her face was lost to me.
As she went, O she turned, she looked, she smiled.
Ah arrows made of Love's own flower,
O sweet magician! faery power!
No mortal maid but an enchanteress wild.

Her arms, those sweet twin lovelinesses,
Clasped, bent in languorous self-caresses,
Enhaloed had the lustres of her face.
Her fingers slim for Champaks taking,
Love to delicious worship waking,
A moon of autumn with such flowers did bless.

Her careless breasts (O happy lover!)
Their rich defences but half discover
Because of haste when the light robe was worn.
As tho' by winds that overpower
Clouds in the season of storm and shower,
The hills of heaven thro' a dim veil made morn.

Vision delightful! shall again
I ease with you my life's deep pain!
Ah! shall again division's boundaries break?
The henna that her feet enrosèd
Was fire wherein my heart enclosèd
Did burn and all my limbs to burn did make.

O lovely maiden, hear the speech
These numbers murmur each to each.
My soul since then no ease, no quiet knows.
Ah! shall I ever, fortune, meet her,
The woman than all women sweeter,
The jewel of all beauties that earth owes?

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

१६

कवरी भये चामरी गिरि-कंदरे
मुख-भये चांद आकाशे।
हरिणी नयन-भये स्वर-पये कोकिल
गति-भये गज वनवासे ॥१॥
सुन्दरि काहे मोहे सम्भाषि ना जासि।
तुया डरे इह सब दूरहिं पलायल
तुहुं पुन काहे डरासि ॥२॥
कुच-भये कमल-कोरक जले मुदि रहु
घट परवेशे हुताशे।
दाड़िम्ब श्रीफल गगने बास करु
शंभु गरल करु ग्रासे ॥३॥
भुज-भये कणक-मृणाल पंके रहु
कर-भये किसलय कांपे।
विद्यापति कह कत कत ऐसन
कहब मदन-परतापे ॥४॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XVI

THE manèd steeds in the mountain glen[1] for fear
    Of these thy locks, O maiden, hide.
The moon at thy face from the high heaven doth peer,
    And thy voice alarms the cuckoo's pride.
Thy gait hath driven the swan to the forest-mere,
    And the wild deer flee thy large eyes' light.
Ah beautiful girl! why mute then to my love?
Lo! fear of thee all these to flight doth move,—
    Whom dost thou fear then, maiden bright?

The lotus-buds in the water closed reside
    Thy paps being lovelier and the flame
Absorbs the pitcher and in air abide
    The pomegranate and quince at thy breasts' sweet
                                                                name.

Yea, Shiv doth swallow poison and in ooze
    The golden lotus-stalk, lo! shuns
        Thine arm and the new leaves shake these hands to see.
But ah! my weary lips refuse
    O'erstrained with honey-sweet comparisons
        All images to tell Love taught to me.

[1] Glens

3

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

१७

किये मझु दीठि पड़ल शशि-वयना।
निमिख नेहारि रहल दुहुं नयना ॥१॥
दारुण वंक विलोकन थोर।
काल होइ किये उपजल मोर ॥२॥
मानस रहल पयोधर लागि।
अंतरे रहल मनोभव जागि ॥३॥
श्रवण रहल ऐसे शुनइते रावे।
चलइते चाहि चरण नाहि जावे ॥४॥
आशा-पाश ना तेजइ अंग।
विद्यापति कह प्रेम-तरंग ॥५॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XVII

WHY fell her face upon my sight,
That is a lovelier moon in light,
Since but for one poor moment she
With her sweet eyes emparadised me?
Surely it was to slay my soul
That under her long lashes stole
The cruel grace of that transient look.
Desire laid hands upon her breasts
And there my poor heart clinging rests:
Love new-born its office took.
My ears yet wait upon her words;
Her murmurs dwell like cagèd birds.
I strive to part; my feet refuse.
The net of sweet desires is loose,
Yet thence my body will not move,
This is the very sea of love[1].

[1] Faint with the sudden hands of Love.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

१८

सुन्दर बदने सिंदुर बिन्दु
साङर चिकुर भार।
जनु रवि शशी संगहि उयल
पिछे करि आंधियार ॥१॥
रामा हे अधिक चंदिम भेल
कत ना जतने कत अदभूत
विहि वहि तोहे देल ॥२॥
उरज-अंकुर चिरे झांपायसि
थोर थोर दरशाय।
कतना जतने कतना गोपसि
हिमे गिरि ना लुकाय ॥३॥
चंचल लोचने वंक नेहारनि
अंजन शोभन ताय।
जनु इन्दीवर पवने पेलल
अलि भरे उलटाय ॥४॥
भण विद्यापति शुनइ युवति
ए-सब रूप जान।
राय शिवसिंह रूप नारायण
लछिमा देवी परमाण ॥५॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XVIII

IN her beautiful face did use
A star of the red ceruse,
As tho' the moon with the sun to aid
Were arisen and darkness hung afraid
Behind in her burden of great, dark hair.
O woman of moonlight rarer than nature's,
O delicate body, wonderful features,
Whence did Fate build you with effort made fair?
The buds of her flowerlike breasts between
Her robe's white folds were a little seen.
The snows may cover the high bright hill,
Hidden it is not, strive as you will.
From her darkened eyes, her shy look roving
On lids love-troubled tenderly burned,
Like the purple lilies winds were moving
By the weight of a bee overturned.
Hearken, O girl, to Bidyapati
And the lyre made sweet in the year's sweet end,
To Lachhima, lady of Mithila city,
And Shiva Singha the King, his friend.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

१९

नेनुया-वदनी धनी वचन कहसि हसि
अमिया बरखे जनु शरद पूनिम शशी ॥१॥
अपरूप रूप रमणि-मणि।
जाइते पेखलुं गजराज गमनि धनि ॥२॥
सिंह जिनि माझा खिनि
तनु अति कोमलनि।
कुच श्रीफल-भरे भांगिया पड़ये जनि ॥३॥
काजरे रंजित बलि धवल-नयन-वर।
भ्रमर भुलल जनु विमल कमल-पर ॥४॥
भणये विद्यापति सो वर-नागर।
रहि रूप हेरि गर गर अंतर ॥५॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XIX

A SHINING grace the damsel's face to her laughter and speech doth lend,
As tho' the sweet full moon of autumn heaven's nectar rained.

A jewel of women with beauty more than human,
I saw her gait of lion state ungracèd nought nor common.
Her middle than the lion's slender is,
Her body soft as lotuses;
It seemed a branch with weight breaking of her breasts pomegranate.

Yea and her lovely eyes being with blackness dressed
Were unstained lotuses enamoured bees invest.
The lover beautiful seeing sweet Radha's grace
Breaketh his longing heart with passionate distress.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

२०

सजनि भाल करि पेखन ना भेल।
मेघमाल संगे तड़ित-लता जनु
हृदये शेल देइ गेल ॥१॥
आध आंचर खसि आध वदने हासि
आर्धांहि नयान-तरंग।
आध-उरज हेरि आध-आंचर भरि
तव धरि दगधे अनंग ॥२॥
एके तनु गोरा कणक कटोरा
अतनु कांचला उपाम।
हारे हरल मन जनु बुझि ऐसन
फांस पसारल काम ॥३॥
दशन मुकुता-पांति अधरु मिलायत
मृदु मृदु कहतहिं भाषा।
विद्यापति कह अतये से दुख रह
हेरि हेरि ना पुरल आशा ॥४॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XX

I SAW not to the heart's desire.
Beautiful friend! that sight was fire
Of lightning and like lightning went:
My heart with the bright bolt was rent.
Her dim white robe like the hoar-frost thin
Half from the shoulder had fallen in.
Her beautiful mouth half-smiled and half
A glance from under her lids did laugh.
Half-naked shone her breasts' sweet globes
And half lay shadowy in her robes.
O then this bitter love and new!
Her body was of honey hue,
Her breasts, those cups of wondrous gold,
Love like a bodice did enfold.
The bodiless Love with subtle plan
To seize and hold the heart of man
With flowery cords his beauteous net
In the guise of a girl's breasts had set.
Her teeth, a row of pearls, did meet
Her moving lips and sweet, O sweet
As liquid honey her delicate speech.
Within me burned a pain like fire;
My eyes dwelt with her, yet could not reach
Gazing, the bottom of desire.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

२१

जाइते पेखलुं नाहलि गोरि।
कति संगे रूप धनि आनलि चोरि ॥१॥
केश निगारिते वहे जलधारा।
चामरे गलये जनु मोतिम-हारा ॥२॥
अलकहि तीतल तहिं अति शोभा।
अलिकुल कमले बेढ़ल मधुलोभा ॥३॥
नीरे निरंजन लोचन राता।
सिंदुरे मंडित पंकज पाता ॥४॥
सजल चीर पयोधर-सीमा।
कणक वेले जनु पड़ि गेओ हीमा ॥५॥
ओ नुकि करतहि चाहे किय देहा।
अबहि छोड़वि मोहे तेजबि लेहा ॥६॥
ऐसे फेरि रस ना पाओब आर।
इथे लागि रोइ गलये जलधार ॥७॥
विद्यापति कहे शुनइ मुरारि।
बसनेर भाव ओ रूप नेहारि ॥८॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXI

THE moonwhite maiden from her bath
Passing I saw on a woodland path.
Moonwhite beauty from all sweet things
Had stolen beauty fit for kings.
The tresses that her small hands wrung
A rain of glittering water flung
As carcanets of loveliest pearl
Did from a fan imperial whirl.
Her wet curls wearing wondrous grace
Like bees besieged her lotus face
For all that honey wild with lust.
The water from her sweet eyes thrust
Yet left them reddened, as in the ooze
Petals of lotus with ceruse.
Heavy with water her thin robe
Defined each bright and milky globe;
Like golden apples gleamed her breasts
On which the happy hoar-frost rests.
So the robe clung as if it said
"Soon will she leave me and love be dead,
Nor ever once shall I attain
Such exquisite delight again."
So the robe thought, as well appears,
And therefore sorrowed, showering tears.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

२२

कामिनी करइ सिनान।
हेरइते हृदये हानल पांच वाण॥१॥
चिकुरे गलये जलधार।
मुख-शशि भये किये रोये आंधियार॥२॥
तितल वसन तनु लागि।
मुनिहुक मानस मनमथ जागि॥३॥
कुचयुग चारु चकेवा।
निजकुल आनि मिलायल देवा॥४॥
तेञि शंका भुज-पाशे।
बांधि घयल जनु उड़ब तरासे॥५॥
कवि विद्यापति गावये।
गुणवति नारि रसिक जन पावये॥६॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXII

BEAUTY stood bathing in the river
When I beheld her—Love's whole quiver
Pierced my heart with fivefold fire.
Her curls flung back from the face of my desire
Rained great tears as tho' the night
Stood by and wept in fear of the moon's light.
To every limb her wet robe kissed and clung.
Had even the sage been there
His heart had burned, even his grown young
Seeing through her dress her marvellous limbs made bare.
Her fair twin breasts were river-birds
Whose language is three amorous words.
It seemed that pitying heaven had to one shore
Brought the sweet lovers thence to part no more.
Yet she I deem in such alarm
Held them fast bound within one golden arm,
As if some noise should startle the sweet pair
And they take flight from her.
O amorous boy, be not afraid—
For youth like thee heaven gave this wondrous maid.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

२३

आजु मझु शुभदिन भेला।
कामिनी पेखलु सिनानक बेला ॥१॥
चिकुरे गलये जलधारा।
मेह बरिखे जनु मोतिम-हारा ॥२॥
बदन मोछल परचुर।
माजि धयल जनु कणक मकूर ॥३॥
ते उदासल कुच जोरा।
पलटि बैंठायल कणक कटोरा ॥४॥
नीबिबंध करल उदेस।
विद्यापति कह मनोरथ शेष ॥५॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXIII

O HAPPY day that to mine eyes betrayed
Bathing the beautiful maid!
A cloud of beauty was her hair
Dripping with jewels marvellous rare.
Her lifted hands did harshly press
The lingering water from her face,
As tho' a golden mirror were made clean;
Therewith her robe fell to her lovely feet
And naked breasts revealed their beauties twin
Like golden cups that seemed reversely set;
The lapse her robe's one bond undid
And naked made what yet lay hid.
O Mithil lyre!
This is the apex of desire.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

२४

नाहि उठल तिरे राइ कमल मुखि
समुखे हेरल वरकान।
गुरुजन संगे लाजे धनि नतमुखि
कैसने हेरब बयान॥१॥
सखि हे अपरूप चातुरि गोरि
सबजन तेजि आगु सरि फुकरइ
आड़ वदन तंहि फेरि॥२॥
तंहि पुन मोति हार टुटि पेलल
कहत हार टुटि गेल।
सबजन एक एक चुनि संचरु
श्याम दरश धनी केल॥३॥
नयन-चकोर कानु-मुख-शशिवर
कयल अमिया रस पान।
दुहु दोंहा दरशने रसहुं पसारल
विद्यापति भाले जान॥४॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

. CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXIV

BEAUTIFUL Râi, the flower-like maid
Risen from the river where she played,
Saw under downcast lids and shy
The lovely boy, dark Krishna named.
A high-born child with face afraid
Before her elders and eyes ashamed
She might not gaze as she went by.
O subtle is that beautiful girl!
She left the gracious troop behind;
With half-turned face and half-declined
From far in front fell sweet her call.
She broke her carcanet of pearl
And let the precious seedlings fall.
"O friends, my broken carcanet."
Each girl her lovely hand did set
Stooping to find the scattered grain.
Meanwhile the damsel's eyes full fain,
Like birds that on white moonbeams feed,
Of Krishna's shape took amorous heed.
Divine the nectar that she drained,
O Krishna, from thy cheeks of light.
Yea, each of each had honied sight.
Thus gazing girl and boy extend
Love's boundaries seen by none but me
The poet, sweet Bidyapati.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

२५

अलखिते हामे हेरि विहसलि थोरि।
जनु रजनी भेल चांद उजोरि॥१॥
कुटिर कटाख छटा पड़ि गेल।
मधुकर-डम्बर अम्बरे भेल॥२॥
काहार रमनी ओ के उह जान।
आकुल करि गेओ हामारि पराण॥३॥
लील-कमले भ्रमरा किये वारि।
चमकि चललि धनी चकित नेहारि॥४॥
तैं भैल बेकत पयोधर शोभा।
कनक-कमल नाहि काहे मनोलोभा॥५॥
आध लुकायलि आध उदास।
कुचकुम्भ कहि गेओ आपनक आश॥६॥
विद्यापति कह नव अनुराग।
गोपत मदन-शर काहे ना लाग॥७॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXV

SHE looked on me a little, then
A little smile her lips o'erran
As though a moonbeam making bright
The darkness of the blessed night;
And from her eyes a lustrous glance
Fell shy and tenderly askance,
As though blue heaven's infinities
Were grown a sudden swarm of bees.
I know not whose she is, being fair:
I know she hath my soul with her.
With a sweet fear as to deny
Her virgin soul to the honey-fly
That in the lotus' womb did play,
With startled feet and hurried look,
The beauteous damsel went her way.
The sweet and hasty motion shook
The robe from her warm breasts of gold
Like lotus-flowers the heart to hold.
Half-hid, yet naked half, they seemed
To speak aloud the bliss they dreamed.
O sweet, O young desire! the dart
Of secret love *omits*[1] no heart.

[1] leaves out

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

२६

कण्टक माह कुसुम-परकाश ।
भ्रमर विकल नाहि पावये वास ॥१॥
रसवती मालती पुन पुन देखि ।
पिवइते चाहे मधु जीउ उपेखि ॥२॥
उह मधुजीव तुंहु मधु रासि ।
संचि धर मधु अवहुं न लजासि ॥३॥
भ्रमर विकल कतिहु नाहि धाम ।
तुया बिनु मालती नाहि बिसराम ॥४॥
आपन मने धरि बुझइ अवगाहे ।
भ्रमर-वध पाप लागत काहे ॥५॥
भणहि विद्यापति पायब जीवे ।
अधर सुधारस यदि वोह पीवे ॥६॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXVI

UPON a thorn when the flowers bloom,
Poor bee athirst for the rich perfume,
Cruel thy thirst, yet thou mayst not drink.
Upon the jasmine's honied brink
Lo! the bee hovers and will have
Heart's pleasure nor cares his life to save.
O Radha, flower of honey, have pity
And grant thy lover's sweet entreaty,
Pilgrim of honey thy lover—no more
In *virgin shame*[1] thy nectarous store
Deny. Alas! in thy rich bloom
The thirsty bee finds never a room.
O jasmine, save thy honey breast
He hath forsworn all other rest.
On thee the sin, beautiful Râi,
Of the poor bee's death shall surely lie.
O from thy lips the dear boon give
Of heaven's honey and he will live.

[1] maiden pride

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

२७

जाहां जाहां पदयुग धरइ।
ताहि ताहि सरोरुह भरइ॥१॥
जाहां जाहां झलकत अंग।
ताहां ताहां बिजुरि तरंग॥२॥
कि हेरिलों अपरूप गोरी।
पैठल हिया माहा मोरि॥३॥
जाहां जाहां नयन विकाश।
तांहि तांहि कमल परकाश॥४॥
जाहां जाहां लहु हास संचार।
ताहां ताहां अमिया विकार॥५॥
जाहां जाहां कुटिल कटाख।
तांहि मदन-शर लाख॥६॥
हेरइते सो धनी थोर।
अब तिन भुवन आगोर॥७॥
पुन कि दरशन पाव।
तव मोहे इह दुःख जाव॥८॥
विद्यापति कह जानि।
तुया गुणे वेयव आनि॥९॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXVII

WHEREVER her twin fair feet found room
There the flowers of the water bloom;
Wherever her golden body shone,
There have the waves of lightning gone.
Wonderful beauty, golden-sweet,
How in my heart hast thou set thy feet!
Wherever her eyes have opened bright,
The bloom of the lotus burns its light;
Wherever her musical laugh has flown
Need of the nectar is not known;
Wherever her shy curved glances rove,
There are ten thousand arrows of love;
Eyes, for a little your orbs did see!
In the three worlds now there is none but she.
O shall I see her ever again
To *heal*[1] my heart of its piteous pain?
Soon, O lover, soon will she rest
Drawn by thy passion on thy breast.[2]

[1] ease
[2] O! on my bosom once to hold
Her houndless beauty and manifold.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

२८

अपरूप पेखलुं रामा।
कणकलता अवलंबने ऊयल
हरिण हीन हिमधाम ॥१॥
नयन-नलिनी दौ अंजले रंजल
भोंइ विभंग विलासा।
चकित चकोर जोर विधि बांधल
केवल काजर पाशा ॥२॥
गिरिधर गरुया पयोधर परशित
गिमे गजमोतिम हारा।
काम कंबु भरि कनया शंभु परि
ढारत सुरधुनि धारा ॥३॥
पयसि पयागे याग शत यागइ
सो पावे बहु भागी :
विद्यापति कहु गोकुल नायक
गोपीजन अनुरागी ॥४॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXVIII

I HAVE seen a girl no words can measure,
On golden tendrils proudly borne a face,
A spotless moon, a snowy treasure.
Her eyes two lotuses with unguent shaded,
Were play-grounds of sweet loving thought,
Or fluttering, captive birds in a net embedded
Of that dark unguent solely wrought.
Her heavy hills of milk a necklace richer
Of elephant pearls did touch and gleam—
Love sprinkling from her throat, that brimful pitcher,
On golden images heaven's stream.
Fortunate were he who by Prayaga's waters
Long sacrificing might avail
At last to win her. Lover of Gocul's daughters!
Darling of Gocul! true thy tale.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

२९

गोधूलि पेखल बाला
जब मंदिर बाहर भेला।
नव जलधर बिजुरि-रेहा
द्वन्द्व पसारिय गेला ॥१॥
धनी अलप वयसी बाला
जनि गांथलि पुष्प कि माला।
थोरि दरशने आश न पूरल
रहल मदन ज्वाला ॥२॥
गोरि कलेवर न्यूना
जनि आंचरे उजोर सोना।
केशरी जिनि माझ क्षिणि
दुलह लोचन कोणा ॥३॥
ईषत हासनि सने
मुझे हानल नयन वाणे।
चिरजीवी रहु पंच गौरेश्वर
कवि विद्यापति भाणे ॥४॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXIX

WHEN the hour of twilight its period kept
The damsel out from her dwelling stepped,
Like flashes in a new-born cloud that battling crept,
Golden, a beauty dire.

A high-born maiden, a little child,
Woven of flowers and fragrance she smiled.
How with a little sight should hope be reconciled?
Love but increased his fire.

Her small sweet body of pale gold made
That shining gold thro' her robe displayed,
The forest lion yields to her slender middle; swayed
Glances much love must earn.

A soft smile burned in her lips and she
With a smile and a look did murder me.
Lord of the five Bengals, may longer life with thee
Starlike eternal burn.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

३०

जीवन चाहि यौवन बड़ रंग।
तवे यौवन जब सुपुरुख संग ॥१॥
सुपुरुख प्रेमिक कबहु नाहि छाड़ि।
दिने दिने चांद कला सम वाड़ि ॥२॥
तुहु जैसे रसवति कानु रसकंद।
बड़ पुण्ये रसवति मिले रसवंत ॥३॥
तुहु यदि कहसि करिये अनुसंग।
चौरि-पीरिति होय लाखगुण रंग ॥४॥
सुपुरुख ऐसन नाहि जगमाझ।
आर ताहे अनुरत बरज समाज ॥५॥
विद्यापति कहे इन्हें नाहि लाज।
रूप-गुणवतिका इह बड़ काज ॥६॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXX

O LIFE is sweet but youth more bright.
O life, it is youth and youth is delight.
And what is youth if it be not this,
Love, true love, and lover's long kiss.
Love that the noble heart conceives
Will leave thee never till life leaves.
Every day the moons increase,
Every day love greater is.
Of all girl-lovers thou art crown,
Caanou of youth the sole renown.
When hardest holiest deeds accrue,
Meet in this world lovers true.
Stolen love, how sweet it is!
Two brief words its only keys;
Murmur but these and thou shalt hold
Secret delights a thousand-fold.
So true a lover all wide earth
To another such gave never birth,
And Braja's hearts with love are wild
Of the noble gracious child.
Haste to thy king, sweet, pay him duty
Of thy loving heart and beauty.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

३१

ए धनि कमलिनि शुन हितवानी।
प्रेम करबि अब सुपुरुख जानि ॥१॥
सुजनक प्रेम हेम समतुल।
दाहिते कनक द्विगुण हय मूल ॥२॥
टुटइते नाहि टुटे प्रेम अद्भूत।
जैसने बाड़त मृणालक सूत ॥३॥
सबहु मतंगजे मोति नाहि मानि।
सकल कंठे नाहि कोयिल-वानी ॥४॥
सकल समय नहे ऋतु बसंत।
सकल पुरुष-नारि नहे गुणवंत ॥५॥
भणये विद्यापति शुन वरनारि।
प्रेमक रीत अब बुझइ बिचारि ॥६॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXXI

LOTUS bosom, lotus feet,
Justify, I charge thee, sweet!
Knowing the true love thou hast won
Will thou not love back, lovely one?
Love in true hearts gold surpasses.
To the fire golden masses
Double price and beauty owe.
Loves by trial greater grow.
Love, my sweet,'s a wondrous thing
Imperishable in suffering.
Break it, but it will not break.
Love, like fibres of the lake,
Thrives on torture; beaten, grows;
Bleeding, thrills to sweeter rose.
Not from every elephant
Pearl-drops ooze iridescent,
Not from all lips accents fall
Melodious as the cuckoo's call.
Every season is not spring,
Every man love's perfect king,
Nor all women the world through
Always lovely, always true.
This is love, as sweet as rare;
Wilt thou spurn it, vainly fair?

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

३२

नव अनुरागिणि राधा।
किछु नाहि मानये बाधा ॥१॥
एकलि कयलि पयान।
पथ विपथ नाहि मान ॥२॥
तेजल मणिमय हार।
उच कुच मानये भार ॥३॥
कर संगे कंकण मुदरि।
पन्थहिं तेजलि सगरि ॥४॥
मणिमय मंजिर पाय।
दूरहिं तेजि चलि जाय ॥५॥
यामिनि घन-आंधियार।
मनमथ हिये उजियार ॥६॥
बिघिनि बियारित वाट।
प्रेमक आयुधे काट ॥७॥
विद्यापति मति जान।
ऐसे ना हेरिये आन ॥८॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXXII

WHEN the young warm Love her heart doth fill
Where is the let stays woman's will?
Alone to set forth lightly she dares,
Path or pathless not Radha who cares.
She has left her pearlèd carcanet
Her breast's high towers that hamperèd.
The bracelets fair on her wrists that shone
All by the path has the young girl thrown.
Anklets gemmed on her feet did glow
She has thrown them far the lighter to go.
The gloom is thick and heavy the night,
But Love to her eyes makes darkness light.
Her every step new perils doth prove,
She has pierced thro' all with the sword of Love.
Her passionate heart the poet knows.
Another like her not the wide world shows.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

३३

रजनि छोटि अति भीरु रमनी।
कति खने आउव कुंजर गमनी ॥१॥
भीम भुजंगम सरणा।
कत संकट ताहे कोमल-चरणा ॥२॥
विहि पाये करों परिहार।
अविघिने सुन्दरि करु अभिसार ॥३॥
गगन सघन महि पंका।
बिघिनि बिथारित उपजये शंका ॥४॥
दश दिश घन आंधियारा।
चलइते खलइ लखइ नाहि पारा ॥५॥
सबजनि पालटि भुललि।
आवत मानवि भाल त लोलि ॥६॥
विद्यापति कवि कहइ।
प्रेमहि कुलवधु पराभव सहइ ॥७॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXXIII

"'TIS night and very timid my little love.
How long ere I see her hither swanlike move!
Dread serpents fill with fear the way;
What perils those soft beloved feet waylay.
Providence, I lay her at thy feet;
Scatheless keep she the tryst my own, my sweet.
The sky is thick and mired the earth,
Perils wide strewn: ah me, what fears have birth.
Thick darkness are the quarters ten.
The feet stumble, nought clear the eyes may gain.
She comes! with timid backward glances
Every creature's heart now she entrances!
A girl she is of human grace,
Yet wears all heaven stolen in her face."
For high-born women to be o'erborne
By love endure; all other check they scorn.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

३४

आंचरे बदन झांपह गोरि।
राजा शुनइछे चांदकि चोरि॥१॥
घरे घरे पहरि छोड़ि गेल जोय।
अबहि देखब धनि नागरि तोय॥२॥
हासि सुधामुखि ना कर विजोरि।
वानीक ध्वनि धनि बोलबि थोरि॥३॥
अधरक सीम दशन करु जोति।
सिंदुरक सीम वसायलि मोति॥४॥
शुन शुन सुन्दरि हित उपदेश।
स्वपने होय जनि विपदक लेश॥५॥
चांदक आछये भेद कलंक।
ओ जे कलंकी तुहुं निष्कलंक॥६॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXXIV

HIDE now thy face, O darling white,
Hide it well with thy robe's delight.
For the King has heard that one the moon
Has stolen and his sentinels soon
At each house stationed and each again,
Damsel beloved, will thee detain.
Laugh not thy lightning, O nectarous face!
Low and few from their sweet home press
The accents of those lyric *lips.*[1]
Thy teeth make starlight, *through eclipse,*[2]
And on the brow of the high-born girl
A vermeil drop and a shimmering pearl.
Hearken, good counsel, beautiful maid;
Even in a dream be not afraid,
Spots hath the moon, no beauty clear.
Stainèd is she, thou stainless, dear.

[1] voice
[2] maiden choice

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

३५

अबहुं राजपथे पुरजन जागि।
चांद किरण जगमंडले लागि ॥१॥
रहिते सोयाथ नाहि नौतुन लेह।
हेरि हेरि सुन्दरी पड़ल संदेह ॥२॥
कामिनि कयल कतये परकार।
पुरुषक वेशे कयल अभिसार ॥३॥
धामिलि लोल झुट करि वंध।
पहिरल वसन आन हि करि छन्द ॥४॥
अंबरे कुच नाहि सम्वरु गेल।
बाजन-यंत्र हृदये करि नेल ॥५॥
ऐसने मीलल कुंजक माझ।
हेरि ना चिह्नइ नागर राज ॥६॥
हेरइते माधव पड़लहि धन्द।
परशित भांगल हृदयक दन्द ॥७॥
विद्यापति कह तर किये भेलि।
उपजल कत कत मनमथ केलि ॥८॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXXV

STILL in the highways wake nor dream
The citizens and with beam on beam
Moonlight clings to the universe.
New is her love, not to coerce
Nor lull, and yet with tremors she
The luminous wakeful night doth see.
What shifts will love on maids impose!
In a boy's dress to the tryst she goes.
She has loosened showering her ordered hair
New-fastened in a crest to wear;
The cloth of her body she doth treasure
About her in another measure
And since her bounteous breasts disdain
Her robe's *coercion*,[1] she has ta'en
Over her heart an instrument.
In such guise to the grove she went
And in such guise met in the grove:
Her when he saw, the flower of love
Knew not tho' seen his darling bright,—
He doubted in his heart's despite.
Only when those dear limbs he touches
Her sweet identity he vouches.
What then befell? Sweet Love the rather
How many mirthful things did father!

[1] light government

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

३६

आएल ऋतुपति राज बसन्त।
धाओल अलिकुल माधवी पन्थ ॥१॥
दिनकर-किरण भेल पौगंड।
केशर-कुसुम धरल हेम दंड ॥२॥
नृप-आसन नव पीठल पात।
कांचन-कुसुम छत्र धरु माथ ॥३॥
मौलि रसाल-मुकुल भेल ताय।
समुखहि कोकिल पंचम गाय ॥४॥
शिखिकुल नाचत अलिकुल यंत्र।
आन द्विजकुल पढ़ आशिस मंत्र ॥५॥
चंद्रातप उड़े कुसुम पराग।
मलय-पवन सह भेल अनुराग ॥६॥
कुंद वल्लि तरु धरल निशान।
पाटल तूण अशोक-दल वाण ॥७॥
किंशुक लवंग-लता एक संग।
हेरि शिशिर रिपु आगे दिल भंग ॥८॥
सैन्य साजल मधु-मक्षिक कुल।
शिशिरक सबहुं करल निरमूल ॥९॥
उधारल सरसिज पाओल प्राण।
निज नवदले करु आसन दान ॥१०॥
नव वृन्दावन राज्ये विहार।
विद्यापति कह समयक सार ॥११॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXXVI

THE best of the year has come, the Spring,
Of the six seasons one season King;
And now with all his tribes the bee
Runs to the creeper spring-honey.
The sun's rays come of boyish age,
The day-describing sun, his page,
A sceptre of gold the saffron-bloom
And the young leaves a crowning-room.
Gold-flowers of Chompuk o'er him stand,
The umbrellaed symbol of command;
The cary-buds a crown do set
And before him sings a court-poet
The Indian cuckoo to whom is given
The sweetest note of all the seven.
Peacocks dance and for instrument
Murmur of bees, while sacrament
Of blessing and all priestly words
Brahmins recite, the twice-born birds.
Pollen, the flying dust of flowers,
His canopy above him towers.
His favourite the southern breeze,
Jasmine of youth and Tuscan-trees
His battle-flag. The season of dew,
Seeing sweet blossoms-of-bliss renew,
Seven-leaf and boughs that fragrance loves
And Kingshook and the climbing cloves,
Seven things of bloom together, flees
Nor waits the perfumed shock of these.
Spring's army too the chill-estate
Of the dew-season annihilate—
Invading honey-bees—and make
Secure the lilies of the lake.
And these being saved yield them a home
In their own soft, new-petalled bloom.
In Brindaban anew is mirth
For the restorèd bloom of earth.
These are the season's sweet and these
The essence of the spring's increase.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

३७

नव वृंदावन नवीन तरुगण
नव नव विकसित फुल।
नवीन बसंत नविन मलयानिल
मातल नव अलिकुल ॥१॥
विहरइ नवल किशोर।
कालिन्दि पुलिन कुंज नव शोभन
नव नव प्रेम-विभोर ॥२॥
नवीन रसाल- मुकुल-मधु मातिया
नव कोकिल-कुल गाय।
नव युवतीगण चित उमतायइ
नव रसे कानने धाय ॥३॥
नव युवराज नवीन नव नागरि
मिलवे नव नव भांति।
निति ऐसन नव नव खेलन
विद्यापति-मति माति ॥४॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXXVII

A NEW Brindaban I see
And renewed each barren tree;
New flowers are blooming,
And another Spring is; new
Southern breezes chase the dew
With new bees roaming.
And the sweet Boy of Gocool strays
In new and freshly blossoming ways.
The groves upon Kalindi's shore
With his tender beauty bloom
While fresh-disturbèd heart brims o'er
By the new-born love o'ercome.

And the new, sweet cary-buds
Are wild with honey in the woods;
New birds are singing;
And the young girls wild with love
Run delightèd to the grove
New hearts bringing.
For young the heir of Gocul is
And young his passionate mistresses.
Meetings new and fresh love-rites
And lights of ever-fresh desire,
Sports ever-new and new delights
Set Bidyapati's heart on fire.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

३८

मधु ऋतु मधुकर-पांति
मधुर-कुसुम-मधुमाति ॥१॥
मधुर वृन्दावन माझ।
मधुर मधुर रसराज ॥२॥
मधुर युवतिगण संग।
मधुर मधुर रसरंग ॥३॥
मधुर यंत्र रसाल।
मधुर मधुर करताल ॥४॥
मधुर नटन गतिभंग।
मधुर नटिनि नट रंग ॥५॥
मधुर मधुर रसगान।
मधुर विद्यापति भाण ॥६॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXXVIII

SEASON of honey when sweets combine,
Honey-bees line upon line,
From sweet blossoms honeyed feet
Honied blossoms and honey sweet.
O sweet is Brindaban today
And sweeter than these our Lord of May;
His maiden-train the sweets of earth,
Honey-girls with laughter and mirth,
Sports of love and dear delight,
When instruments honey-sweet unite
Their sounds soul-moving, and sweet, O sweet
The smitten hands and the pacing feet.
Sweet the swaying dancer whirls,
Honied the movement of dancing girls,
And sweet as honey the love-song rings.
Sweet Bidyapati honey sings.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

३९

बाजत द्रिगि द्रिगि धोद्रिमी द्रिमिया।
नटति कलावति श्याम संगे माति
करे करु ताल प्रबंधक ध्वनिया ॥१॥
डग मग डम्फ द्रिमिकि द्रिमि मादल
रुनु झुनु मंजिर बोल।
किंकिणि रणरणि वलया कनयामणि
निघुवने रास तुमुल उतरोल ॥२॥
बीणा रबाब मुरज सरमंडल
सा रि ग म प ध नि सा बहुविध भाव।
घेटिता घेटिता घेनि मृदंग गरजनि
चंचल सर मंडल करु राव ॥३॥
श्रम भरे गलित लुलित कबरी युत
मालती माल बिथारल मोति।
समय बसंत रास-रस वर्णने
विद्यापतिमति क्षोभित होति ॥५॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XXXIX

HARK how round you the instruments sound!
With the sweet love wild
Of Gocul's child
She danceth mistress of the fair arts sixty-four.
And her hands rhyme keeping time
Her smitten hands that still the fall restore.

And the tabors keep melody deep
And the heavy thrum
Of the measured drum
And anklets' running cry their own slim music loving.
The waist bells sprinkle their silver tinkle
And bracelets gold that gems do hold;
Loud is the instruments' din to madness moving.

And harps begin and the violin
And the five vessels
Where melody swells
Thro' all the gamut move and various moods express.
And over and under the twydrums thunder,
With whose noise the vessels five mix and embrace.

From loosened tresses that toil undresses
And floating whirls
On the shoulders of girls
The jasmine garlands' buds sprinkle the vernal night.
Ah revels of Spring! with powerless wing
These verses grieve, not reaching your delight.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

४०

ऋतुपति-राति रसिकवर राज।
रसमय रास रभसरस माझ॥१॥
रसवती रमनीरतन धनी राहि।
रास-रसिक सह रस अवगाहि॥२॥
रंगिणीगण सब रंगहि नटइ।
रणरणि कंकण किंकिणि रटइ॥३॥
रहि रहि राग रचये रसवंत।
रतिरत रागिनी रमण वसंत॥४॥
रटति रबाब महती कपिनाश।
राधारमण करु मुरली विलास॥५॥
रसमय विद्यापति कवि भाण।
रूपनारायण भूपति जान॥६॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XL

IN the spring moonlight the Lord of love
 Thro' the amorous revel's maze doth move;
The crown of Love love's raptures proves;
For Radha his amorous darling moves,
Radha, the ruby of ravishing girls
With him bathed in love's moonlight whirls.
And all the merry maidens with rapture
Dancing together the light winds capture.
And the bracelets speak with a ravishing cry.
And the murmur of waist-bells rises high—
Meanwhile rapture-waking string
Ripest of strains the sonata of Spring
That lover and lord of love-languid notes
With tired delight in throbbing throats.
And rumours of violin and bow
And the mighty Queen's-harp mingle and flow;
And Radha's ravisher makes sweet measure
With the flute, that musical voice of pleasure.
Bidyapati's genius richly wove
For King Roupnaraian this rhythm of love.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

४१

ए धनि मानिनि करह संजात।
तुया कुच हेम-घट हार भुजंगिनि
ताक उपरे धरि हात॥१॥
तोहे छाड़ि हाम यदि परशब कोय।
तुया हार-नागिनि काटब मोय॥२॥
हामारि वचने यदि नहि परतीत।
बुझिया करह शाति जे हय उचित॥३॥
भुज-पाशे बांधि जघन पर ताड़ि।
पयोधर-पाथर हिये देह भारि॥४॥
उर कारागारे बांधि राख दिन राति।
विद्यापति कह उचित हइ शाति॥५॥

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

XLI

ANGRY beauty, be not loth!
I will swear a holy oath.
On thy garland's serpent fold,
On thy sacred breasts of gold
Here I lay my yearning hand.

If I leave thee, if I touch
Other lady of delight,
Let this snake my bosom bite.
If thou deem my error such,
Be thy malice on me spent
In many an amorous punishment.
Bind my body with thine arms,
Scourge my limbs with pretty harms,
Press my panting heart with weight
Of thy sweet breasts passionate,
In thy labouring bosom deep
Night and day thy prisoner keep.
Punishments like these demand
Love's sweet sins from love's sweet hand.

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

APPENDIX

(*Alternative Versions*)

(1)

A LITTLE and a little now
See the sweet bud half-open blow!
The light and wilful feet grow wise
And yield their rudderless gait to the eyes.
Each moment see her hand repress
Upon her bosom her fluttering dress[1]
Nor questions she her comrades now
Too shy her secret thought to show.
Madhav, how shall faltering word
Her sweet and twilight age record.
The very Love had he beheld
Within her lovely chains were held.
Ah yet the god of yearning eyes
Just where her heart's *high*[2] waves arise
Made for himself a sacred ground
Where two unrivalled towers are found.
Love's speech her listening heart doth stop
As the hunter's song the antelope.
Two powers dispute this beauteous prize,
Nought one deems gained while aught there lies
To gain, nor the other failure owns
While yet he holds his golden thrones.
Still with sweet violence she clings
To her loved childhood's parting wings.

(Poem VII)

[1] The wilful flutterings of her dress
[2] wild

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

(2)

CHILDHOOD is flown, youth arrived.
The swift, light spirit in her feet that lived
Has fled to its new home in her eyes.
Yet are Love's glorious envoys two
Seeing her eyes her errands do.
Now every other moment flies
Her hand to seize her raiment's border
And to rebuke its sweet disorder.
She clothèd now in bashfulness
Her lovely laughter must suppress.
All her musical words she speaks
With bent head and shamèd cheeks.
Her heavy hips usurped the pride
Have, was once to her waist allied.
And she her faltering steps sustained
Walks clinging to some girl's light hand
In her companion train. Thus grown
Ripe for thee is Radha known.
Hear, Madhav, this conclusion true
And hearing, what Love wills that do.

(Poem VIII)

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

(3)

LOW on her radiant forehead shone
A star of the bright vermilion.
O marvellous face! O shining maid!
Moonlight and sunlight drawn together
Met in a heaven of golden weather,
While the massèd midnight hangs afraid
Behind in her burden of great dark hair.
O woman of moonlight rarer than Nature's!
O delicate body! O wonderful features!
Whence did Fate build you with effort made fair?
The buds of her flower-like breasts between
Her robe's white folds were a little seen.
The snows may cover the high bright hill—
Hidden it is not, strive as you will.

From her darkened eyes her shy look roving
On lids love-troubled tenderly burned
Like the purple lilies winds were moving
By the weight of a bee overturned.
Hearken, O girl, to Bidyapati
And the lyre made sweet in the year's sweet end.
To Lachhima, lady of Mithila city,
And Shiva Singha the King, his friend.

(Poem XVIII)

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

(4)

O HAPPY day that to mine eyes betrayed
Bathing the beautiful maid!
The water dripped from her dark curls
As if a cloud was to rain pearls;
And while her hands were busy making
Her face a golden glow,
Her robe therefore advantage taking
Her golden cups did show.
Her girdle knot its bonds undid
And naked made what there lay hid.
O Mithil lyre,
This is the apex of desire.

(Poem XXIII)

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain, Digitizagtion by eGangotri

Rs. 2-8

Dr. Urmila Sharma Collection, Varanasi